

## The Times-Dispatch

Business Office.....Times-Dispatch Building  
10 South Tenth Street  
South Richmond.....107 Hull Street  
Washington Bureau.....Munsey Building  
Petersburg Bureau.....109 N. Syme Street  
Lynchburg Bureau.....115 Eighth Street

BY MAIL One Six Three One  
POSTAGE PAID. Year. Mos. Mos. Mo.  
Daily with Sunday.....\$6.00 \$2.00 \$1.50  
Daily without Sunday.....4.00 2.00 1.50  
Sunday edition only.....1.00 1.00 1.00

By Times-Dispatch Carrier Delivery Service in Richmond (and suburbs) and Petersburg—  
One Week  
Daily with Sunday.....\$6.00  
Daily without Sunday.....4.00  
Sunday only.....1.00

Entered January 27, 1913, at Richmond, Va., as second-class matter under act of Congress of March 2, 1879.

MONDAY, JULY 28, 1913.

## POLITICS IN THE OLD PALMETTO STATE.

Coleman Livingston Blaise will take his seat as a member of the Senate of the United States from South Carolina on March 4, 1915. Death alone can bar him from the place in which Calhoun and Hampton added honor to their State. The only man who will effectively oppose Blaise is the present junior Senator from South Carolina, Ellison Durant Smith, no mean demagogue himself, but it is hardly to be expected that he can out-Blaise Blaise. If Benjamin Ryan Tillman, the man who made Blaisism possible, were the incumbent for whose seat Blaise is to contend, it is thought that he would be badly beaten by Blaise. One of the most intelligent of the lieutenants of the present Governor of South Carolina said last week that Tillman, if up for re-election, could not poll 20,000 votes. Others believe that if Tillman had published his opposition to Blaise two weeks earlier than he did in the last fight for the governorship, Tillman would not have been returned to the Senate.

The elevation of Blaise to the Senate illustrates one of the peculiar phases of the psychology of American politics. The people of South Carolina will send Blaise to the highest seat within their gift largely out of a desire to be rid of him. They feel that if he goes to Washington no detriment can come to South Carolina. They know that any man they can elect to the governorship will be a better, a wiser, an abler man than Blaise, and will give the State a better, a wiser, and an abler administration. A great proportion of Blaisism is based on personalities that will disappear from politics if Blaise goes to Washington. He will experience far less opposition in his candidacy for the Senate than he has known in his two successful contests for the governorship. Not half the previous effort to defeat him will be made next summer when he enters the senatorial primary. Not half the money will be spent in an endeavor to crush him that was used in his last gubernatorial primary. Thousands who bent their full vigor to defeat him for re-election as Governor will vote for him for the Senate in the belief that his election to the upper chamber of the national legislature will be the quickest and most effective way of removing him from South Carolina politics. The better class of South Carolinians believe that the only way to get rid of Blaise is to send him to sit by Tillman, whose cause he once served with such fidelity. It is remembered in South Carolina that Governor Tillman and Senator Tillman were vastly different men, and it is believed that Senator Blaise will be a very mild-mannered, suave and quiet person.

The most optimistic outlook in South Carolina politics is that the next Governor, whoever he is, will be infinitely better, infinitely more progressive, and infinitely a more efficient public servant than Blaise. The four chief candidates for the position are George R. Rembert, the Blaise leader in the State House of Representatives, John L. McLaure, ex-United States Senator, John G. Clinckscale, professor of mathematics in Wofford College, and Mendel Smith, Speaker of the House, an alumnus of the University of Virginia, and one of the best baseball players it has sent out. Rembert appears to have the best chance to win, with Clinckscale a close second, as another schoolmaster in politics. Prof. Clinckscale is a politician of first-rate ability, who touches his students carefully one day and the next shakes hands and dines with the cotton mill operatives, who largely determine elections.

South Carolina is to be congratulated upon the passing of Blaise, and to a great degree, of Blaisism, even if her method of disposal is the reverse of that employed in other States. If the Democratic party in the Palmetto State will cause the enactment of drastic and effective election laws, there will be no second Blaise. The conditions surrounding the Blaisism have made Blaise possible, and further party negligence will bring South Carolina to even lower estate than at present. South Carolina has paid the extreme penalty for inefficient election laws.

## THE JOUSTING JOURNALIST.

The Salem Times-Register of this week has a eulogy on the editor of the Radford Record, who it seems is having the time of his life in conflict with the local organization which controls Radford. He seems to be plunging in, regardless of consequence, and when he sees a head, he hits it.

We know nothing of the merits of the controversy, and accordingly cannot attempt to coach the Record as to what it should do or how it should do it. But we see in this jousting journalist a type of man who represents a class that fights and learns and fights again.

There is no particular joy in attacking the things that he, however much the average man may think a news-

paper enjoys it. Journalists are men with hearts like their brothers, and they know as do few how much sorrow can come from controversy and recrimination. They know, too, that after the battle, whether victory or defeat be the fruit, there are heart-burnings and hatreds and ill-will that never die. Above all else, the newspaper man learns that however pure his motive or whiter his purpose, his motives will always be impugned and his integrity questioned. Sorrowful is he, therefore, when forced to dip his pen in gall.

Yet the journalist who will not fight is unworthy of his calling. Upon him, as upon no other man, devolves the duty of a sentinel. Standing in a watch-tower, with scouts in every city, with trained men to gather the news, the newspaper can sound an alarm that every man will hear. The private citizen may cry out to his neighbors, who alone will hear; the newspaper cries to the multitude, every one of whom must listen. This gives the newspaper an opportunity as great as its responsibility. It has power, but it must use it, and use it carefully, when it sees injustice or lying.

And those who hear this responsibility are not those alone who write the editorials. Indeed, the "editor" ceases to be the paper. Not he alone, for himself with his colleagues, but the splendidly disciplined force of men who gather the news in the corners of the earth and in the byways of the city and weld it into shape—these are the newspaper; this is the force that strikes or befriends. Nor does the responsibility stop here. Sometimes the newspaper must lead, stubbornly cutting its way through the forest of ignorance or the jungle of prejudice. It cannot look back; it wants no reinforcements. But more frequently the little army of men whom we call the newspaper are but the voiced will of the people. They must write as men think, and the judgment they pass as the people of the community must not be their own. Impersonality means greater power.

So we bid our jousting brother, of whose case we know little, to be wary of his weapons. You stand on the battlefield, brother; be mindful that you warn the people aright!

## PASSING OUR PLAYERS.

If we were held enough to invade the halliwick of our sporting editor and to offer an explanation for the recent slump of the Richmond baseball team, we should look not to the diamond, but to the grandstand.

We pan our players too much and cheer them too little. That is the truth, and nothing but the truth! Put yourself, Mr. Fan, in the place of the boy on the diamond; the pitcher is in a hole, the bases are strung, a wicked son with the willow is roosting at the plate, the infield is ready for a squeeze, and is playing far in. Crack goes the bat, off goes the runner, the men on bases start. The ball is coming right at you, you must hold it quickly and throw out the runner at the plate. In your haste and excitement, you fumble the bounding sphere, the batter is safe, a run has gone across. Then would it not ease your pain to hear that yell from the grandstand: "bone-head," "get a shortstop!" "rotten, rotten?" And would you not be in a fine state of mind to slam out a triple the next time you went to bat with two men out, if a sweet-souled fan would yell, "three out, you've thrown it away already?"

Stand by the boys. If they make mistakes, control your tongue, and if you must relieve your troubled spirit, whisper your opinion of the player to the man next to you rather than scream it at the offending player. If the boy or the diamond makes a good play, give him a hand rather than frown and mutter, "It's about time."

Above all else, stand by the local manager. He may make mistakes, for he is mortal, but he is about the best this league boasts, and generally sells as many players as any two of his rivals. Do not humiliate him before his players or weaken his discipline by "hawling" him out. In fact, we must say it, even if we are mobbed—let us learn a lesson in loyalty from the football fans of Petersburg, who always support their team till the last man is down in the ninth.

## AN ECHO OF GETTYSBURG.

A dismal echo of that partisan feeling which all of us hoped the Gettysburg reunion would lessen appeared recently in a letter to the Philadelphia Press, and was, of course, copied by the Tazewell Republican.

In this letter one W. S. Smedley took the Press to task for applauding that magnificent little address delivered at Gettysburg by the President. "Analyze it yourself," wails this Smedley, while the Republican applauds, as follows: "Analyze it and see if you can detect anything in it but a mere juggling of words to avoid any glorification of the flag or mention of the valorous dead heroes—or the great speech of Abraham Lincoln on the heroic dead. . . . His theory advanced (in a nutshell) was, to forget the past and in future help him to down the losses and perpetuate the Democratic party in power."

Putting aside as beneath notice the alleged partisan tone of Mr. Wilson's speech, we should like to know, as a matter of curiosity, precisely what kind of speech this Smedley and his champion, the Tazewell Republican, would have put into Mr. Wilson's mouth. With the battle fifty years behind us, with a Southern man in the presidential chair, and with a Southern Chief Justice, what sort of speech should the President have made? A "glorification of the flag," doubtless—a denial of his own heritage as a Southerner and a Virginian, an insult to the Confederate veterans who were present.

At the very least Mr. Wilson was not less of a gentleman than the hosts at the reunion, who, we are told, were the very soul of considerate hospitality. If the hosts indulged in no "glorification of the flag" is there any sensible man in the country who could expect a Southern born President to do so?

For our part, we regard Mr. Wilson's

speech as precisely what it should have been, and as worthy to place beside Lincoln's great oration. Our only regret is that there are some fools in the world whom neither propriety, courtesy nor decency can convince that the war is over.

## OF STRIPES AND BARS.

The passive mutiny which has broken out in Sing Sing is doubtless a reflected protest against conditions which made possible the horrible death of those Mississippi convicts early in the week. It is always so. By that strange telegraphy of the underworld, the men in every prison know how fare their brothers in shame throughout the country, and there is never an uprising in one prison but that it is followed by stormy times in every other.

Sometimes we wonder if the prisoners who come forth scarred and broken for life are not telling the truth when they say every prison is a hell. Sometimes, too, we fear that under the outward good order of many penitentiaries grim horror hides. The sinister silence, the horrible disclosures of every investigation, be it in Michigan or in Maryland, and the pitiful feebleness of the men who come from behind the bars make us shudder.

But the commanding voice of a new conscience is making itself heard. Never since the days of John Howard and Elizabeth Fry has there been such activity in behalf of the men in stripes. Reforms are being inaugurated in every prison, contract labor is thrice doomed and damned, the farm and the road are receiving their thousands of workmen, while in Congress Senator O'Gorman has introduced a bill to incorporate the National Committee on Prison Labor.

Strength to the arm of every man who strives to banish the stripes and the shame!

## "CAMP-MEETINGS" A-COMING.

August is approaching, declare several of our county weeklies, and it is time to be getting ready for the camp-meetings. Within another month they will be upon us, and was to the farmer who is not prepared with abundant frying-size chickens and a pair of good shoats.

This is certainly refreshing news to those of us who remember the camp-meeting in all its glory. To be sure, the number to be held this year is pitifully small, and the "grounds" which are deserted seem to increase every summer. Yet there is joy in the thought that some still survive, with all that they mean to the social and religious life of the country.

The camp-meeting? It was the week of all the weeks, the season when all the excitement of the summer seemed rolled into one mass of sensation. Dozens of families would desert their farms and camp on the grounds, with beds and dining-rooms and kitchens; others less fortunate would rise with dawn, hurry through the necessary work and drive the four-horse wagon to the grounds, laden with young people and groaning under the weight of "good victuals."

And once on the grounds, there was pleasure from day till dark. In the "tabernacle," the "arbor" or the "pavilion"—it was variously styled—some mighty man of power would be exhorting the sinners; in the grove the young people would be sparking; around the itching-posts the heathen would gather to discuss crops and to swap horses; and sometimes, for those who knew the ropes, there was a wee drop of contraband liquor in the big woods back of the grounds. And such eating, such gargantuan banquets! Not a man would leave without dyspepsia, and if a visitor was not hauled away on the last day, stricken with indigestion, his hosts would feel ashamed.

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Second only to court-day in old Virginia, the camp-meeting was the gathering place of the multitude. There farmers who lived across the county could exchange ideas, ladies who had not seen each other for years could gossip undisturbed, girls who had been separated since they left the "seminary" or the "high school" could kiss to their hearts' delight. Even had there not been a man redeemed in those splendid services in the arbor, camp-meeting would have been worth while.

Now and then some pessimist wails that the camp-meeting has degenerated, and that it might as well be abolished. Stop camp-meetings; close the old grounds forever; give our country people no way of minkling once a year! As soon destroy the State seal and sell Houdon's statue of Washington!

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Where is the old-fashioned man who had cabbage for supper?

Little question for today: What are the names of the Presidents of the Central and South American republics?

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Does dealing with stamps make postmaster Burleson so fond of the Big Stick method?

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## On the Spur of the Moment

By Roy K. Moulton

## The Diary of a Boncheud.

When a man gets up in the morning with his tongue the size of a shredded wheat biscuit and his stomach feeling like a motion picture show, it is a cinch that it was no sick friend with whom he sat up the night before.

The friends I sat up with last evening, dear Diary, were far from sick. They were the wisest friends I have ever seen. Sure our wives are all gone to the county, sure thing you know, and Blinks had to give a little sink, just a little sink. Somehow, somebody always has to do that. Just a little sociable sink, you know, with one or two of the old fraternity bunch.

One of the "old fraternity brothers" turned out to be a horse doctor who didn't know a Greek letter fraternity from a Greek shoe-shining stand, and the other was a man with thick eyeglasses and a wooden expression, who's interest in and knowledge of fraternalism existed in the fact that he once had a distant cousin who joined the Odd Fellows.

I have always believed that poker was invented by a man with thick eyeglasses and a wooden expression, and I have no reason now to change my mind. The first one I drove three miles to get to accept my opinion of the horse doctor and a pair of bellhops up against four tens I learned all I wanted to know about the man whose distant cousin once joined the Odd Fellows. What I learned about the horse doctor later and my opinion of him would not be allowed to pass through the mails. The old fraternity bunch couldn't come, and Blinks had to put these fillers at Joe's place.

Blinks was strong for those fishbowl mixed drinks that one makes at home and in which one inserts about five times as much of the vital essence as necessary. Everybody imbibed freely excepting the horse doctor and the man with the thick eyeglasses. The horse doctor called for one Bull Moose highball, consisting of a glass of milk with a teaspoonful of brandy in it, and the man with the thick eyeglasses said that was his limit and that he would sue anybody for libel who intimated he would take anything else.

The limit was raised five times between 12 and 1 o'clock, and at 1 o'clock Blinks was just anteering his mahogany sideboard and brass candlesticks, while I had given a bill of sale of my automobile and had anted in all of my glad rags excepting my suspenders.

The wooden-faced man loaned me my trousers to come home in, or, at least, so they tell me, and I have not yet returned them to him to-day. The next time my wife goes to the country I am going with her.

## Ambition.

Let others work and lose their health in pulling up the sordid wealth. But that is not my wish.

Let others burn their midnight oils, devising ways of grabbing spoils. I'd rather sit and fish.

Let others solve the problems great, affecting the affairs of state; None of that on my dish.

Let others lead the strenuous life, That's full of worry, toil and strife. But that's not my ambition.

Let others wear their lives away, By living five years every day. I'd rather sit and fish.

## According to Uncle Abner.

What has become of the old feller that used to wear boots with pants tucked in and a top hat?

Being somewhat undecided whether to go to the mountains or the seashore for the summer, Mr. and Mrs. Ansel Higgins have compromised by remaining at home.

Since Lem Parley bought a second-hand automobile he is happy. It has enabled him to forget all of his other troubles and he has only one thing to worry about.

An automobile kin carry almost anything successfully excepting a cargo of red licker.

About all a feller has got to do to be a theatrical star nowadays is to have a lot of photographs taken of his head resting in his hand.

The bartender who don't drink is the one who some day owns the saloon.

Sermons, of this place, has been in Philadelphia only two or three years, and has made several hundred thousand dollars. He works in the mint.

Second only to court-day in old Virginia, the camp-meeting was the gathering place of the multitude. There farmers who lived across the county could exchange ideas, ladies who had not seen each other for years could gossip undisturbed, girls who had been separated since they left the "seminary" or the "high school" could kiss to their hearts' delight. Even had there not been a man redeemed in those splendid services in the arbor, camp-meeting would have been worth while.

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## REBELS USE HOBBO

## ON THE YANG TSE RIVER

## Forts at Hu Kow Are Captured

## by Land and Naval Attack.

## SOUTHERNERS RETIRING

## They Are Leaving Shanghai Disheartened by Their Reverses.

Peking, July 27.—The capture of the Hu Kow forts, a joint land and naval attack Friday night is regarded as the most important news which reached Peking to-day from the scene of the rebellion in the south. In the capture of the Yang Tse River, in Kiang Si Province, the rebels have been assisted by the Hu Kow forts, where the rebels have been prevented the fleet passing.

The southern troops on the Tien Tsin Pukow line are retreating southward from Hu Kow, evidently fearing that the Grand Canal and the Yang Tse will be captured by the northern forces and cut their communications. Hu Kow command has been regarded as practically an outlaw band, but both sides are now willing to accept a truce. It is thought the decisive combat of the rebellion may be found at Nanjing.

Bluejackets on Guard.—The United States auxiliary cruiser, Raleigh, with her jackets, who were landed Saturday for foreign settlement, are now guarding the Yang Tse River. The Raleigh is fighting her way through the Yang Tse River, where the rebels are leaving Shanghai disheartened.

The Standard Oil Company's houseboat was commandeered near Stow Chow. Much of the money and goods was taken and the boat was released.

Rebels Disarmed.—London, July 27.—A dispatch to a news agency from Shanghai says the Chinese bluejackets are patrolling the Yang Tse River, where the rebels are leaving Shanghai disheartened.

It is now generally admitted, says the Daily Telegraph's Peking correspondent, that the situation cannot be solved by force. The army, which has already been dispatched all her possible troops, and unless Mongolia and Manchuria are abandoned, the reinforcements are impossible. The north, with its troops, escorted by two gunboats, are being sent to the Yang Tse River, where the rebels are leaving Shanghai disheartened.

His Course Approved.—Washington, July 27.—Officials here approved the course of Rear-Admiral Nicholson, who is in command of the fleet, who refused to send a guard of marines to Kuang, the central China port, where the rebels are leaving Shanghai disheartened.

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Who remembers the old song, "Till Meet You When the Ole Drops Fall?" In time of peace prepare for a divorce.

## News of Petersburg

## Times-Dispatch Bureau.

## 6 Bollingbrook Street.

## (Telephone 1485).

## Petersburg, Va., July 27.

At a meeting yesterday afternoon of the committee having the arrangements in charge it was decided to lay the cornerstone of the new Y. M. C. A. building on Union Street on some day between September 10 and August 1. The contract having been assured that the progress of the work would allow the ceremonies to take place at that time. Full details as to date and program will be announced later. The stone will be laid with Masonic ceremonies, the Rev. George H. Spooner, of Market Street Methodist Episcopal Church, will officiate at the invocation, the Rev. E. P. Danbridge, of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, will pronounce the benediction, and a select choir from all the churches, under direction of Miss Jean Greenway Trigg, will furnish the music.

## Preparing for Business.

The Petersburg post-office is making arrangements for the large increase of parcels post business expected to follow Postmaster-General Burleson's order mandating the light limit of parcels to twenty pounds, which goes into effect on August 15. The business is already very heavy, but it is believed it will be doubled or more than doubled under the new order.

## Delightful House Party.

During the past week Miss Helen Irving Wilson, daughter of Mrs. R. T. Wilson, entertained a delightful house party of friends at her home. The country home of the family, in Dinwiddie, last night she was the hostess at a birthday party, and had as her guests Miss

Baden, of Baltimore; Miss Mabel McDonald, of Richmond; Miss Lillian Davis, of Blackstone; Miss Lillian Martin and Mrs. Russell Foster, of Norfolk; Misses Helen and Mildred Wilson and Grover Rodgers, of John City, of Petersburg; Collin McDonald, William Catlin, Chester Woodfin, Dr. Robert Whitehead and Richard Maury, of Richmond; C. Garland Wilson, R. T. Wilson, Mrs. H. C. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. George Burgess and Mrs. J. C. Wilson.

Negotiations are pending between the American and the National League and the owners of the Petersburg baseball team for the purchase of several players, pitchers especially. It is said that Saller Cooper, Dr. Hedgepeth and Harvey Brooks are the men wanted. Scouts from the above association spent the past week in Petersburg, and witnessed the series of games with Richmond and Norfolk. The Petersburg magnates, however, will say nothing of the progress of the negotiations beyond the fact that they are on.

## In Critical Condition.

The condition of George Coles, colored, who was injured yesterday by jumping from a running car at Waterworth, is regarded as very critical. He is in the Petersburg Hospital in a comatose condition.

## Personal and Otherwise.

Secretary A. W. Walsh, of the Y. M. C. A., will leave to-morrow for Wisconsin, to spend his vacation with relatives.

Past Dictator Robert Gilliam, Jr., of Petersburg, Lodge of Moose, left to-day for Cincinnati, to represent his lodge in the national convention of the order, which is being held at Young, has a large membership.

## ONE DEAD, SIXTY INJURED

## IN WRECK ON LEHIGH

## TALK OF BUYING

## BANKRUPT LINES

## Several Promoters Dicker for Purchase of Richmond and Henrico Property.

Several persons have approached the receivers of the bankrupt Richmond and Henrico Railway Company for information relative to the purchase of the street railway's franchise and property, which are to be sold at the court's order some time in the coming year. The promoters are endeavoring to secure the franchise and property, which are to be sold at the court's order some time in the coming year. The promoters are endeavoring to secure the franchise and property, which are to be sold at the court's order some time in the coming year.

When the legal formalities have been performed, Judge Crump will order the sale of the property and set a date for the transaction. Wide publicity will be given to the sale, and the promoters with the view of attracting as many bidders as possible. It is more than probable that the bondholders of the Richmond and Henrico Railway Company will form a protective association and bid against the sale.

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## BOTH SIDES RELIEVED

## WHEN TRUCE IS SIGNED

[Special to The Times-Dispatch.] New York, July 27.—Leaders in the strike controversy between the forty-two Eastern railroads and their 22,000 employees, who were left to-day to stay away until Tuesday, when the railroad managers will announce that they will accept the terms of the proposed settlement. The railroad managers, as well as the employees' officials, are now in the city, acting under the Erdman act, will make the appointments.

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